

•The Radiant Centre•

A JOURNAL OF SUCCESS

"WE STAND BEFORE THE SECRET OF THE WORLD, THERE WHERE BEING
PASSES INTO APPEARANCE AND UNITY INTO VARIETY."—Emerson.

DECEMBER, 1901

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VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1901.

No. 12.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men.

THE RADIANT CENTRE is a trifle late with its Xmas greeting, but then it is Xmas all the year round at the The Radiant Centre. It is peace on earth, good will to men in July as well as in December.

It is peace on earth, good will to men in Church and out of Church, on paper and off, in theory and in practice, in brain and in heart. Forever and forever, Peace. Forever and forever, Good Will.

They tell me the Right Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, has been to the Far East. He has returned with this question on his lips—How far do we of the West understand the East or its beliefs and do justice to either? He also refers to our beloved Swami Abhedananda as “the distinguished Oriental scholar.”

That is encouraging, for it shows how the great wave of Peace, which has rolled in on us from the East, has caught the good Bishop in its rebound and carried him clear over to India with the result of removing from his mind some misconceptions regarding Oriental life and beliefs.

I have faith enough in the justice and clear vision of the most excellent Bishop to believe him capable of seeing in The Vedanta the parent of Christianity.

The child has strayed away from the Father's House. That is the reason we do not recognize the kinship. It is now going back to be better fed, better nourished, and the Rt. Rev. Henry Codman Potter, D. D., Bishop of New York, may lead the way.

I have published in this issue some beautiful aphorisms as chanted in Sanskrit by the Swami Vivekananda, and I hope you will read them again and again, for they contain the very kernel of The Radiant Centre thought. When you get where you can see yourself as Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute and can say with deep realization: I am That. I am That—you have reached the Centre, you are in the Cosmic Consciousness where Existence, Knowledge and Bliss Absolute are yours. O, do try to understand what I am telling you. I want to help you, I want to lead you over the path of Realization, but still more do I want to see you stand alone in the full light of the Divine Radiance.

For to thus stand alone is not to be lonely. It is not to creep away like a hermit and hide yourself. It is to touch your fellow beings in a more beautiful and exquisite manner than you now can imagine. We must always touch one another, I think, but let it be without leaning, without burdening, without begging, without stealing. Let it be the blissful touch known only to souls self centred in God.

And for such souls there is no need to beg or steal, since every wind that blows comes laden with some treasure of the Infinite Opulence, and every wave brings a ship of supply. Hyperbole is that? Not a bit of it.

I have in hand a letter from a woman with an ideal, the Christ ideal. She denounces a life of luxurious surroundings and declares for Socialism and the common weal. So far, so good, but notice the way she rounds up:

"Dear Mrs. Boehme:

"I may misunderstand the Christian teachings as I learn them from the life of the Nazarene, but certainly he did not approve ease and wealth for the leaders or I mistake the meaning of language. I do not intend ever to be rude or even brusque, but I often contrast ———— a ease and Schlatter in Kansas corn fields, alone, hungry, cold, in poverty, eating raw corn from the cob and listening to the 'Voice'

as did Joan of Arc and living the exact Christ life to my mind. I am to be alone in the wilderness to gain determination, to learn self reliance, to rise above all forms and customs, while your nature requires ease, luxurious surroundings, etc. [She does not know me. I could do without these things and be as happy as a lark in the sunshine, only as they seem to gravitate to me just now I accept the situation good naturedly. But listen to what follows:]

"I live out of doors. [That's fine!] Ride horseback astride. [Wish I could, too!] Do as I please. [Aha!] Never see people if I can avoid humans. [Just listen to that!] Go my own gait. [But Jesus didn't.] Read, write, think and keep thinking and wonder when I shall find the key to unlock the mystery."

Well, I'll just tell you, my honey, that you won't find the key till you chew that raw corn in the company of your fellows. You must dine with publicans and sinners in the cornfield or elsewhere if you want to follow Jesus.

And if Socialism is going to bring us all down to a diet of raw corn, let's be social while we are eating it, for I really don't believe we can be good Socialists and run away from humans.

A little woman has just been on trial for her life here in this city. The charge was murder, and I am happy to say she was acquitted on good and sufficient evidence. When the verdict of Not Guilty was rendered, the waiting crowds outside the Court House sent up a shout of approval that was heard way down on Pennsylvania Avenue, but strange to relate I have since heard several women declare the verdict unjust. When I say: "Did you follow the evidence?" they answer: "No, indeed, I would not read such stuff, I would not demean myself by even talking about it." "Well, then, how do you know she is guilty?" "Why, I just know it, and that's all there is about it. I don't wish to talk about it any more, if you please." And they call that INTUITION.

Now, some day I shall walk into that little woman's house, take her by the hand, and, looking straight into her eyes, I shall say: I know you are innocent. I KNOW it. She does not need me to say that, for her conscience is clear, but I need to say it, and I will.

And perhaps if she were guilty, I should go to her with a kind word. Who knows?

There are a good many following the meek and lowly Nazarene who are lagging a long way behind, it seems to me. They are like the old

deacon who waited upon the new minister to expostulate about an innovation in the form of stained glass windows. The old deacon had seen the light of God coming through clear glass for a great many years, and it was good enough for him. Moreover, he didn't want none of them air Popish gimcracks. The new minister looked at him somewhat superciliously, as ministers sometimes will, you know, and asked: Pray, Sir, who are you that you come here to dictate to me? I, Sir? I, Sir? Who be I? I'm a follower of the meek and humble Jesus. G—— d—— you, who be you?

And that's the way some folks follow Jesus.

There's a Trust in our Printing Office. The Compositor and Proof-reader combined to make me declare God to be a very "pleasant" instead of a very "present" help in time of trouble. Now, of course, this was a mere bit of "pleasantry" on their part, and it is undoubtedly quite true that it is very pleasant to have a present help, but somehow I object to having the very backbone taken out of a closing paragraph like that. (See Lesson VII, November issue.)

Well, I don't know that I blame the poor fellows so much. Printers are very intelligent people, but they have not all heard about God being a present help, and there really is a tradition to the contrary.

That tradition isn't true, though, so don't you believe it, my dearie. Peace and good will to you and a Happy, Happy New Year!

It is among the surprises which give a relish to history, that one age not only reverses the verdict of another, but that the by-word of one generation becomes the glory of the centuries which follow.—Ian Maclaren.

The being which has obtained harmony, and every being may attain it, has found its place in the order of the universe, and represents the divine thought at least as clearly as a flower or a solar system. Harmony seeks nothing outside itself. It is what it ought to be; it is the expression of right, order, law and truth; it is greater than time, and presents eternity.—Amiel.

When we are coldly discussing a man's career, sneering, in our self-righteous, self-opinionated ways, at his mistakes, blaming his rashness and labelling his opinions, words and actions—yes, his thoughts, that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.—George Eliot.

Mental Healing Made Plain.

By Kate Atkinson Boehme.

LESSON VIII.

I AM now going to tell you of a very singular experience which I think will be of value, because it seems to give substance to much that has seemed intangible, for you know such things as thought, emotion, spiritual influx and inner experience have been to us very unreal compared with such things as flesh and blood, houses and lands, money and possessions. It was because of this unreality concerning the inner life and the undue value attached to possessions that the young man was so sorrowful when commanded to sell all that he had and follow Jesus. He seemed to be letting go his hold on reality and getting nothing in its place. He went away very sorrowful, for he had a longing for something better than he could find in his houses and lands and yet that something was not sufficiently defined to make it an object of pursuit. Being a young man of good sense, that had served him well in the acquisition of wealth, it would naturally seem to him unwise to cut loose from all that seemed so real and pursue a will-o'-the-wisp.

Doubtless if we could follow that young man's history we would find that as the inner vision opened the things of the Spirit became a reality, and it is of this reality as distinctly felt and known by myself that I would speak.

When reading with deep interest a book called "The Perfect Way," so great was the impression made upon me that I felt my spirit rising to a mighty endeavor. I was lifted out of my surroundings and into an entirely new thought atmosphere. The things of earth looked coarse and clumsy, and I seemed to see world within world of ever-increasing fineness and beauty. As I read on and on I lost all consciousness of self except in one particular, and that was a boring, grinding pain in the palm of each hand and through the arch of the instep in each foot. This was so marked and so continuous during the reading of the book, which I finished at one sitting, that I mentioned it to my sister. We both thought it strange but could not account for it. Some time afterward in reading a book by Dr. Franz Hartmann, I found the statement that in extremely sensitive persons it often happens that with the birth of the spiritual life there are attendant signs. It is on record that nuns when in a deep realization of the sacrifice of Jesus on the Cross have had a facsimile of the crown of thorns appear in blood red marks upon the forehead and have felt the anguish of the nails piercing the hands and feet. If I am not mistaken Dr. Hartmann spoke of these signs as indicating the birth of the Christ Child in Consciousness.

Psychologists would easily account for this phenomenon on the score of hysteria or hyper-sensitiveness, but to my mind that is not a good explanation, for while the mental condition in such an experience must be extremely sensitive, that need not of necessity mean hallucination or mental derangement. Indeed I know it does not.

Had I run across Dr. Hartmann's statement before reading "The Perfect Way" I might think the sensation of boring through the hands and feet the effect of imagination or the knowing that it had happened in other instances, but I knew nothing of the kind. Medical students often contract the diseases about which they are studying, but this experience of mine was, so far as I then knew, wholly unprecedented, unthought of, unheard of, coming upon me as a surprise and as something for which I could not account.

It all seems simple enough to me now, for I can easily see the birth of the Christ to be the universal fact as well as the particular. I believe that there was a moment when the Christ was born in Jesus. I also believe that there is a moment when the Christ is born in each one of us and that it is really and actually a birth into a new life. When this birth occurs I think we first realize what immortal life means, for we then feel its vibrations which are quite different from those we have experienced in any previous state of consciousness.

The young man who went away sorrowful was seeking eternal life, but he could not find it because the Christ Child within him was as yet unborn.

All things are good whether they are of the inner or the outer world, but there are degrees of goodness, and I think the inner or the inmost good the best of all.

Let us learn more and more of this wonderful inner life of which we know so little for the thinking, acting self which we do know something about is but a small part of the whole self.

I, for instance, am doing much more than I know. I reach people with my conscious mind, but I am recently led to believe that I reach many more with the unconscious mind, or that part of myself which is not brought under the eye of my mentality.

Not long ago I received an interesting letter from a woman on the Pacific coast. She wrote me that it had occurred to her that she might in sleep come in touch with some one who would help her, and so when she lay down at night her last thought was an invocation to some unknown person to give her strength. This went on for about two weeks, and she was conscious of being strengthened and helped in several ways. One day she went into a book store and the proprietor handed her a copy of *The Radiant Centre*. She seemed strangely attracted to it and fairly devoured its contents, then hurrying back to the book store she asked—What else has that woman written? Another work was handed her, which she took home and read with a strange feeling of familiarity. It seemed as though she knew what every page would contain before reading it. When she finished she sat gazing into the fire, when a voice distinctly spoke to her, saying: Why not write to Kate Boehme? Write to her to-night. And at the same time there flashed upon her a conviction that I was the one who had met her in sleep and given her help.

Such is undoubtedly the case, for while the mind focusses on details I am convinced that **THE WHOLE THING** is acting in its own way through its auric sphere.

Do you not see how this can be? How **THE WHOLE THING** speaks a **FULL SENTENCE** while **THE PART** utters only a

PHRASE? Suppose two people greet you with a "Good Morning." The same words are used by both, and yet how different the impression. Do you know what makes the difference? It is what you receive in vibration from THE WHOLE PERSON back of each "Good Morning."

What you do and what you say is charged with what you are. You can say "Good Morning" so that it means a very "Bad Morning," or you can say it as the glorious sun does when he rises over a dark world.

I honestly believe that it does not make a bit of difference whether you are a Methodist, a Presbyterian, a Romanist or a Mental Scientist if only the Christ Child is born within, you can heal whatever the tenets of your belief. The Light will shine through you according to the color of your temperament, and that color belongs to you as surely as the shade of your hair or complexion.

Naturally I think the New Thought (which, by the way, is a New Birth of a very Old Thought) a short cut to the Light, and for that reason I walk in it. If some one else finds his own short cut I bid him God speed. It has been said that all roads lead to Rome, and it may also be said that all roads lead to the Centre if you follow them long enough, but I am weary of the long years in the wilderness and have found my own way out. Those who will may join me. Bless them! Those who will not may go another way. Bless them just the same!

Whatever brings you quickest into a state of love toward all mankind is best for you, for only in that state can healing be accomplished in yourself and others.

(To be continued.)

"I Thought I Stood."

I.

I THOUGHT I stood in Heaven before God's throne, and God asked me what I had come for. I said I had come to arraign my brother, Man.

God said, "What has he done?"

I said, "He has taken my sister, Woman, and has stricken her, and wounded her, and thrust her out into the streets; she lies there prostrate. His hands are red with blood. I am here to arraign him; that the kingdom be taken from him, because he is not worthy, and given unto me. My hands are pure."

I showed them.

God said, "Thy hands are pure. Lift up thy robe."

I raised it; my feet were red, blood red, as if I had trodden in wine.

God said, "How is this?"

I said, "Dear Lord, the streets on earth are full of mire. If I should walk straight on in them my outer robe might be bespotted, you see how white it is! Therefore I pick my way."

God said, "On what?"

I was silent, and I let my robe fall. I wrapped my mantle about my head. I went out softly. I was afraid that the angels would see me.

II.

Once more I stood at the gate of Heaven, I and another. We held fast by one another; we were very tired. We looked up at the great gates; the angels opened them, and we went in. The mud was on our garments. We walked across the marble floor, and up to the great throne. Then the angels divided us. Her, they set upon the top step, but me, upon the bottom; for, they said, "Last time this woman came here she left red footmarks on the floor; we had to wash them out with our tears. Let her not go up."

Then she, with whom I came, looked back, and stretched out her hand to me; and I went and stood beside her. And the angels, they, the shining ones who never sinned and never suffered, walked by us to and fro and up and down; I think we should have felt a little lonely there if it had not been for one another, the angels were so bright.

God asked me what I had come for; and I drew my sister forward a little that he might see her.

God said, "How is it you are here together to-day?"

I said, "She was upon the ground in the street, and they passed over her; I lay down by her, and she put her arms around my neck, and so I lifted her, and we two rose together."

God said, "Whom are you now come to accuse before me?"

I said, "We are come to accuse no man."

And God bent, and said, "My children—what is it that ye seek?"

And she beside me drew my hand that I should speak for both.

I said, "We have come to ask that thou shouldst speak to Man, our brother, and give us a message for him that he might understand, and that he might——"

God said, "Go take the message down to him!"

I said, "But what is the message?"

God said, "Upon your hearts it is written; take it down to him."

And we turned to go; the angels went with us to the door. They looked at us.

And one said—"Ah! but their dresses are beautiful!"

And the other said, "I thought it was mire when they came in, but see, it is all golden!"

But another said, "Hush, it is the light from their faces!"

And we went down to him.

—Dreams by Olive Schreiner.

'A Georgia darky went out to an old field to "seek and pray."

It was dusk, and he knelt down and put up a long petition that the angels would come and minister unto him.

Presently he heard a flapping as of wings behind him, and in a second he was making race-horse time on the home road, where he jumped into bed and covered his head from sight.

Suddenly there was a loud knocking at the door, and his startled wife cried:

"John, git up dar, fer de Lawd sake! De angels you been seekin' is come fer you!"

"Le'm stay dar," was the trembling answer. "Tell 'em thoo de key-hole dat I ain't got no wing ter fly wid, en I too heavy to tote!"

Special Notices.

I am notified by The Alliance Company, Publishers of Mind, that the Club Offer with Radiant Centre will hold good during 1902 except in the case of renewals to Mind, when the price will be \$2.50.

Put your full address in every letter, no matter how often you write.

Do not stick postage stamps to your letter. Put them in loose.

The Editor's photograph is on the way and will appear early in 1902.

Do not send Canada bills if you can avoid it.

A SPLENDID INVESTMENT.

A great many have written asking about this investment, to all of whom we gladly made answer. Very many have invested and others are preparing to do so. I recommend it in the spirit of helpfulness, because I desire to see my subscribers prosper and for those with small means this is a fine opportunity in which their money can be multiplied many times. Stock is going up rapidly, so it is advisable to make an early inquiry. Address, as before,

KATE A. BOEHME,
2016 O Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

Since the new ruling of the Post Office Department which forbids the offering of premiums with subscriptions, the mere fact of your subscription to The Radiant Centre will not admit you, as it has formerly done, to the Success Centre. The fee of membership is now placed at \$1. But it is well worth it, so the members say. The dollar entitles you to a personal letter from the editor, which is worth a dollar (so the editor says).

If the Post Office writes to ask if you are a subscriber to The Radiant Centre, please say so, if you are, and do us a favor. It only means that the Department is looking up the record of all the papers to see if they are sending out more samples than the law allows. As we have strictly kept within the limit, we are all right, but if some of our subscribers did not respond, it would look as though something was wrong.

Many letters are addressed to 216 O street, instead of 2016. Will our correspondents please take note. It should be 2016.

Individualisms.

In The Nautilus, by William E. Towne.

DEAR readers, have you learned the happiness, the pure joy, of communing with your own soul? If not, you have missed a grand thing in life. To "loaf and invite your soul," as Walt Whitman said, is one of the greatest joys in existence, and leads to strength and power.

For all strength and power has its birth in the silence, where the soul dwells.

The turmoil of life is hushed and only the peace of the Absolute reigns when you have learned to commune with yourself. The Power Within will guide you in the path of wisdom when your inner consciousness becomes opened to it.

It is not easy to formulate in words a method by which the habit of self-communion may be established, but this I say unto you, from my own experience: If you would know the Power Within, be still and listen.

I believe all the mystics of the world have gained their wisdom by this process. It is not an intellectual process, and the physical organs of hearing have no part in it. It is a turning away from the noise of objective life to the calm and peace of the subjective. All the physical faculties are stilled, and you become passive to the voice of the Absolute.

This experience is a very real one to many people, but it would be impossible to describe it in words so that a material minded person could fully grasp its meaning. It must be felt by each one for himself.

All the problems which your reason fails to solve, all the annoyances of the objective life, all forms of inharmony are transmuted in this subjective realm, and you take up the thread of the outer life again with a warm glow at your heart, with a consciousness of harmony with all things and an abiding faith that your path is straight before you, and that it leads to all that is best and good for you.

BE STILL AND LISTEN.

This will give you the key to the wisdom of the ages.

How shall we obtain results that are permanent in the application of the New Thought? This question is being asked by a great many students. It is a question that everyone has to meet and solve who follows this line of thought for any length of time. It is so easy to get results at first, we are so full of enthusiasm, so hopeful for the future. Then something goes wrong after a time and we lose a little of our enthusiasm, and after that it does not seem so easy to apply the truth as it did at first.

What is the cause of this difficulty, and what is the remedy?

In the first place we use too much brute will force at first, too much mental effort, and do not pay enough attention to letting the truth grow within us. Health, success, happiness, whatever it is you are striving for, can only come to you as a result of growth—unfoldment.

Under the influence of enthusiasm, when the New Thought first becomes familiar to us, we employ brute will power to such an extent as to force the growing process, and following this comes an inevitable reaction. If our faith is only sufficiently strong we weather the storm, and as soon as it is passed we take hold again with more courage than ever. But if we lack faith, if we judge only from a limited field of vision, then we may lose a little ground at each succeeding reaction until finally the forces of success and health are blocked in the performance of their duties.

Now, then, to obtain permanent results we must start out with the idea at first that time is required to grow health and success. We must hold the mind serene in the face of apparent failure. We must make the mental statement of what we desire and then let it unfold itself in the sub-conscious mind without trying to work it out with the brain. We must cultivate the habit of letting go with the physical mind and trusting and depending upon the sub-conscious mind to work out success and health for us by degrees. We must cooperate with the sub-conscious mind and remember that the brain can not solve all problems accurately and satisfactorily except as it becomes passive to the sub-conscious mind.

Most of us are constantly holding on so hard mentally that we cause mental congestion and the natural working of the bodily functions is interfered with to a great extent. We need to come into harmony with those functions. When we use brute will power to force these functions into a state of harmony reaction results. When we grow into harmony with the bodily functions health results. And the results so obtained are lasting results.

Doubt will prevent success always. Therefore always make your statements and decisions apart from the element of doubt. This will grow success and health in you. Listen to the higher self and let its promptings work their way out to the surface. Let go of the desire for excitement, the craving for something new every hour in the day. Stop seeking for something outside yourself to give you health and happiness. Many people are so strongly hypnotized in the mad rush for pleasure or health which modern society cultivates that they never become acquainted with themselves. They feel lost or dazed if left alone for half an hour. Is it any wonder that such people go down with the first wave of adversity that comes to them, attracted by their own violation of the Law of Individuality which makes it absolutely necessary that, sooner or later, "every tub must stand on its own bottom?" Yet many of these people develop unlooked-for strength under the compelling power of adverse conditions. They learn the lesson which they have attracted to themselves and learn to live more in the universe of eternity and less in the world of time and space.

This world is for use. "Use this world as not abusing it." He who abuses his physical life is bound to live in a world of change and to find himself constantly facing needed adjustments of the physical body.

The permanent things of life come out of the silence, and in the silence all permanent growth is rooted. If you would obtain permanent health, permanent happiness, permanent success, quit striving for it on the physical plane. LET it grow up on the sub-conscious plane. When

you seek to build health and happiness by brute force of will power, you are doing exactly what a carpenter would be doing if he attempted to erect a house before putting in a solid foundation.

Find yourself. Listen for the promptings of your sub-conscious mind. Be not anxious about results. Let health and success grow up within you without unduly forcing them to manifest by exercising your physical brain to compel results. If life seems all a blank at first it is only because the desired blessings are growing. Growth is carried forward best at some stages in darkness. Above all trust your own god within, your I AM, your sub-conscious mind, and let it teach and guide you into the way of truth.

In this way you will obtain results that are lasting because founded upon the bed rock of eternal truth.

Aphorisms Chanted in Sanskrit by Swami Vivekananda.

I AM without body or changes of the body.

I am neither sense nor object of the senses.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That. I am That.

I am neither sin nor virtue.

Nor temple nor worship.

Nor pilgrimage nor books.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That. I am That.

I am neither death nor fear of death.

Nor was I ever born.

Nor had I parents.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That. I am That.

I have not misery nor am I miserable.

I have no enemy nor am I enemy.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That. I am That.

I am without form, without limit.

Beyond space, beyond time, I am in everything.

I am the basis of the universe, everywhere am I.

I am Existence Absolute, Knowledge Absolute, Bliss Absolute.

I am That. I am That.

Time.

IF you are good to time, time will be good to you.

If you are not good to time, time will knock you out before you know it.

Time is the greatest despoiler in the universe, and yet time—per se—has not the slightest power to strike a single blow or do an atom of harm to any intelligent being. In fact, time, as popularly conceived of, does not exist.

For human convenience the seasons were divided into months, week, days, hours, minutes and seconds. This arrangement seems in the final analysis to have been more of a curse than a blessing.

There was no other way to study astronomy than by these mathematical divisions, and if these markings of time could have been confined to the scientific domain and had not been used as a measurement of mortal life, we should have a race to be proud of to-day. But when sign boards were set up all over the earth, with the inscriptions, "Man is of few days and full of trouble," "Threescore years and ten to the man who travels on schedule time," etc., etc., there was developed in the race a very bad habit—in fact, the most ignorant and abominable habit that ever could be imagined—the habit of dying.

Of course death had to be led up to, and so we have had sickness, poverty and troubles of every possible description all along the line. And this because a nothing was made to appear like something; in short, was endowed with the power to tell the biggest lie that ever could be told.

It is convenient to know the days of the month and the hours of the day, and if it were not for the limitations that are put upon life and effort we should be very well off indeed. But these sign boards which meet us at every step are awfully discouraging to the mass of mankind. The infant is hurried to walk, is hustled into school because there is only just so much time for the acquirement of an education—so-called. The girl must go through all the culturing and refining processes so that she may attract a husband. If this is not accomplished by the time she is twenty, something is thought to be wrong. Married or single, up the years she goes with a groan for every fresh epoch, until the sign posts, the ministers, doctors and laymen declare to her that the period has arrived when it is decreed that she must turn around and descend the hill. It isn't usually much of a declivity, although she thinks it is. She has lived so constantly upon a dead level that there is very little up or down.

She is now directly headed for the grave. She hates the grave, and grows weak and ill at the thought of death. But there are the sign posts, and there is the thought of the race that encompasses her about like a black wall. She finds no comfort in the statement that everybody must die, for she realizes that when the trip is made she must take it alone. She has watched her beauty depart, felt her strength ebb away, and shortly the final plunge must be taken. She has worried and scurried through life, giving herself no opportunity of learn-

ing the things that would make for health, peace, happiness and longevity.

"If I had only had more time," she says, as she painfully draws her last gasping breaths. "Why was it necessary for me to die so soon, when there were so many things that I wanted to see and do and know?"

Oh, why indeed? And then to put the onus of this agonizing ignorance upon an all-wise, loving and merciful God!

My flesh creeps as I write these words.

What decent earthly father would doom his children to such torture "through fear of death to be all their lives subject to bondage"?

I once knew the full blaze of God's light to shine into the heart and brain cells of a man who was believed to be dying. He was so loath to leave his home and the companions he loved, that his wife begged the physicians to deceive him.

"Why should he be tortured at the very last?" she cried.

Thinking that the sufferer was too low to hear their subdued tones in an adjoining apartment, the friends consulted quite freely.

"He has got very little time now," said the doctor as he prepared to depart.

A strong call from the patient made them all jump. The dying man was found sitting up in bed, his countenance irradiated by a new and most resolute expression.

"How dare you time me?" he demanded of the physician. "How dare you? Let me tell you something. No one ever timed me in my business, in my goings out or my comings in, and I want you to understand that no man can time me in a matter of life and death. Good morning, doctor. When I want you I will send for you."

Of course everything was done to calm the man, whom they all believed to have gone mad in his last moments. But he drove them all from the room with this injunction:

"Do not come till I call. God and I are going to have it out now."

An hour later, not hearing a sound, the wife tiptoed in and found the patient sleeping like a child. A week later he was about his room, and shortly afterward about his business.

To this day the doctor declares that this return from death to life was caused by "a fit of temper." Blessed be temper!

The prevailing order of time was surely made for slaves, and not for freedom-loving men and women. Just as long as we are in bondage to time, just so long shall we drag out short lives of negation.

A "scientist" told me not long ago that every moment of every day was conscientiously and practically consecrated to certain uses, and the person who did not arrange his time in similar fashion was not orderly and of course could not expect to escape the consequences of his carelessness.

Now this woman did not appear to be radiant with happiness. Neither did she appear to be in the possession of even a fair share of vitality.

When I inquired if she never brushed her occupations one side and ran away for a walk or a drive or the theatre, she replied that she always arranged for all her pleasures as well as all her duties.

"Remember, dear," she explained, "we are under obligations to spend God's time worthily, which we can not do unless we weigh and measure the moments."

The speaker was attending strictly to the business of dying. So thoroughly was I convinced of this fact, and such an object-lesson was this woman to me, that I vowed then and there to redouble my efforts to put longer and longer distances between myself and the race thought of time. You can take my word for it that I had not even before this episode been very slow in getting over this ground, but since then I have been an untiring racer.

On that particular day I had been somewhat impressed that it "was time" for me to make a few duty calls—this was one of them—but as I left the house I knew no such word as duty—social duty. Instead, I boarded a Coney Island trolley, went down to the edge of the ocean, made myself a pillow out of sand, and, after a glorious communion with myself and God, went to sleep. The surf was gently rhythmical that day, and as I sank off to slumber I said to myself in rapture:

"Here I am in the arms of the Infinite, with perfect liberty to cuddle down as long as I please, to go home when I please, to go to bed and get up when I please—in short, to be held by no time limit of God or man."

Do not judge from this that I am recreant to engagements. If I make an engagement I will keep it, but you can rest assured that I am going to be very careful how I make them.

There is a big thought there. It will do you good to reflect upon it.

If you are good to time, time will be good to you.

How can you be good to time?

By enjoying every hour and every moment of every day; by making no cast-iron rules for yourself or anybody else; by letting the spirit direct your affairs instead of sending your personal self up and down the earth in quest of what you think you want.

If you are not good to time, time will knock you out. It will devastate your brain cells, annihilate your good looks, and make you a toothless and bald old mummy before the dropping of the final curtain.

It is our conception of time that will do these things, and not time itself, for, scientifically speaking, there is no time—Eleanor Kirk, in Eleanor Kirk's Idea.

The "Be Aisy" Policy.

I came home in a crowded car the other day. There wasn't standing room or sitting room or even breathing room in it. People kept pushing their way through the crowd and jamming their way into the thick of things until the nerves of every person in the place were stretched to the danger point.

Every face in the car was tied up into a hard knot of irritated wrinkles. Two men in the front of the car nearly got into a fight over a nickel that one of them had dropped, and the conductor pretended he didn't hear when a nervous little woman asked him to tell her what street we were passing.

A big woman with a big basket on her arm stood in the aisle near the door. A large, pink-faced man with white side whiskers and an immaculate get-up was trying to get past her. He gave her a push and her basket a shove that nearly sent them both through the awning at the side of the car.

She turned a broad, rosy face to the man who had pushed her. "Arrah, now," she said in a voice of milk and honey, "arrah now, darlint, be aisy."

The atmosphere of that car was altered in the twinkling of an eye.

The men who had been disputing over the nickel looked at each other and laughed. The nervous little woman untied her face, and the conductor actually took time to smile.

"Arrah now, darlint, be aisy"—it's a talisman, that little phrase. It is worth all the sermons in town next Sunday. I'm going to print it out on my trusty typewriter and put it where I can't help seeing it.

How much simpler life is when we make up our minds to "be aisy" instead of being hard. How placidly things slip along in the "be aisy" woman's house. What if the plumber doesn't keep his promise and the milkman is late and the dressmaker proves false and faithless? What is the use of fretting about it?

"Be aisy" and think about something else, and before you know it the whole thing has straightened itself out, or, if it has not, the "be aisy" policy has given you time to prepare for the worst, and what a very simple thing the worst is when we really "meet up" with it after all.

Oh, these little things that lead no human being can say whither—let's "be aisy" with them.

There is only one way to overcome a violent dislike to another, and that way is to do some kindness to that another.

Too good to be true, such conduct?

Not at all. It is simply a labor-saving device. Hating is the hardest work in the world. Let's be too "aisy" to hate anyone and too "aisy" even to dislike people actively.

Let's put the little worries and the little grudges and the little quarrels into the background where they belong. Let's straighten out the knot in the forehead and try to look like the woman who said "be aisy" when the man did his best to make her angry and uncomfortable—and let's even call the one who makes us angry "darlint"—unless he happens to be a man who belongs to some other woman.—Winifred Black, in N. Y. Journal.

Once let a man be sure that he has no other wish but to know the truth, whatever it may be, and he will find that he has taken a position impregnable to the assaults of doubt and fear.—John W. Chadwick.

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

—Addison.

“Hullo.”

W'en you see a man in woe,
 Walk right up and say, “Hullo!”
 Say, “Hullo!” “How d'ye do!”
 “How's the world a-usin' you?”
 Slap the fellow on his back,
 Bring yer han' down with a whack!
 Waltz right up an' don't go slow,
 Grin an' shake, an' say “Hullo!”
 Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
 Walk right up an' say “Hullo!”
 Rags is but a cotton roll
 Jes for wrappin' up a soul;
 An' a soul is worth a true,
 Hale, an' hearty “How d'ye do!”
 Don't wait for the crowd to go,
 Walk right up an' say “Hullo!”
 W'en big vessels meet, they say,
 They saloot an' sail away.
 Jest the same as you an' me—
 Lonesome ships upon a sea;
 Each one sailing his own jog
 For a port beyond the fog.
 Let yer speakin'-trumpet blow
 Lift yer horn, an' cry, “Hullo!”
 Say “Hullo!” an' “how d'ye do”
 Other folks are good as you.
 W'en yer leave yer house of clay,
 Wanderin' in the far-away,
 W'en you travel through the strange
 Country t' other side the range,
 Then the souls you've cheered will know
 Who you be, an' say “Hullo!”

—S. W. Foss, in Bull's Eye.

The Right to Heresy.

IN his latest book, “The Rights of Man” (reviewed last week in The Literary Digest), Dr. Lyman Abbott undertakes to classify human rights and duties by principles of division that may be considered as practical rather than theoretical and abstract. He discusses rights in particular—political rights, industrial rights, educational rights, religious rights, etc.—rather than rights in general—“natural” and “artificial.”

In the discussion of religious rights, he takes his most positive stand. He maintains that it is the right and the duty of every man to know God in his own way, apart from the methods for doing so laid down by church, or creed, or even in the Bible.

He traces historically the growth of the doctrine that the State and church combined are to determine religious truth and to protect the community from religious error. Though Jesus Christ came preaching that the kingdom of heaven is a spiritual kingdom and would proceed by spiritual forces, the same absolute loyalty was required by Him in the new theocracy that had been required by Jehovah in the old theocracy. By the fifth or sixth century this new theocracy had become a hierar-

chical organization, teaching a philosophy of religion, and requiring the same loyalty that the old Hebrew commonwealth had demanded. But it required loyalty, not to an invisible king, but to a visible hierarchy and a visible creed. During the Middle Ages, while the church in theory never inflicted penalties for heresy, leaving it to the State to protect the community from false doctrine, it did determine what is true and what is false. Such was the growth of the doctrine, which rests upon four postulates: (1) That the fundamental and pre-eminent need of humanity is the need of religious truth; (2) that there is a system of comprehensive truth which can be known, and every man ought to be enabled to learn it; (3) that if every individual is left to find out truth for himself, and to preach truth or error as he pleases, the foundations of accuracy and certitude in the whole realm of religious teaching are destroyed; (4) that if the State has the power, it should punish the teacher of error. If not, the church should punish him by turning him out of its membership. Dr. Abbott then proceeds explicitly to repudiate this doctrine "in all its parts." He writes:

I deny that a knowledge of religious truth is the great desideratum of life. I deny that there is or can be any complete or comprehensive system of religious truth. I deny that there is or can be any organization which can furnish such a system of religious truth. And, therefore, of course I deny that there can be any right, either in church or state, to punish, by either physical or moral penalty, the man who dissents from the commonly received religious opinion.

Nailing these theses of negation to the door of the modern church, this dissenter from established theology states affirmatively his view of religion:

What is religion? Max Muller defines it as "such a perception of the manifestations of the Infinite as produces a moral influence on the conduct and character of man." The perception of the Infinite is not religion, that is theology; a recognition of the moral relation of man with his fellow-man is not religion, that is ethics; but such a perception as enlarges and enriches the moral life and conduct of man is religion.

Dr. Abbott then, in the language of modern ethical thought, discusses the theme of "How to Know God":

The quest of humanity is after this perception of the Infinite. It is a quest, not after truth about God, but after God Himself. . . . Knowing a man is not the same as knowing about a man. Knowing God is not the same as knowing about God. The office of religion is not to tell men about God; it is to bring them into personal acquaintance with God; it is to bring them into a perception of the Infinite Himself. Truth about God is some one else's perception of the Infinite. It is not the perception of a perception that is religion; it is the perception of God. It is not the understanding of what some one else says about Him; it is acquaintance with Him.

Dr. Abbott accordingly declares that "the Bible can not take the place of God. Faith in the Bible is not religion; faith in God is religion." So, too, he maintains that "faith in the church is not religion." All that the church can do is to report the experience of men who have had religion. We quote again:

Acceptance of a creed is not religion. The creed is something which the philosopher, more or less skilfully, has wrought out of the experiences of those who have perceived the Infinite. To perceive their perception is not religion. . . .

This is religion—the personal perception of the Infinite. This is the quest of humanity—not a complete knowledge, not a comprehensive system, but God himself—nothing less than God himself.

John Henry Newman is quoted to the effect that the difficulty in the way of using private judgment in forming or choosing a religion is that "private judgment leads different minds in such different directions." Dr. Abbott rejoins:

This is the glory of it—the splendor of it! Send ten thousand men in different directions, each to look with his own eyes, feel with his own heart, realize in his own experience some aspect of the divine character, and they will bring back from their quest ten thousand manifestations of God, each that manifestation which he is capable of receiving.

With characteristic catholicity, Dr. Abbott thus gathers all the "seekers after God" into the scope of his broad theology:

All creeds have some truth in them; no creeds have all truth in them. I am almost prepared to say that it would be safe to believe all the affirmations of all the creeds, and to reject all their denials. Whenever a body of devout men have come saying, "We have found this in the Infinite," their report is presumptively true. Whenever they have come back saying, "We have not found this," it does not in the least indicate that what they have not found may not be there.

—The Literary Digest.

I Know.

Under the snow, in the dark and the cold,
A pale little sprout was humming;
Sweetly it sang, 'neath the frozen mould,
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs," said a lump of clay,
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?
Just look at the walls between you and the day!
Now, have you the strength to move them?"

But, under the ice and under the snow,
The pale little sprout kept singing,
"I can not tell how; but I know, I know,
I know what the days are bringing:

"Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,
Blue, blue skies above me;
Bloom on the meadows and buds on the trees,
And the great glad sun to love me!"

A pebble spoke next. "You are quite absurd,"
It said, "with your song's insistence,
For I never heard of a tree or a bird,
So of course there are none in existence."

"But I know, I know," the tendril cried,
In beautiful sweet unreason;
'Till lo! from its prison glorified
It burst in the glad spring season.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Chicago American.

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